NORTHERN JUNKET

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INDEX

Take It Or Leave It - - - - - 11
A Square Dance Wedding - - - - 2
Let's Rewrite Them - - - - - 14
Original? - - - - - - 17
A Bushel Of Fun - - - - - 18
Let's Wake Up - - - - - 21
Contra Dance - Ashley's Pride - - 23
Square Dance - Nelly Bly - - - 24
Folk Dance - Jacob Hall's Jig - - 25
Folk Song - Lake Chemo - - - 26
Mars and Terpsichore - - - - 29
Zips, Zones & Phones - - - - 34
Book Reviews - - - - - 36
It's Fun To Hunt - - - - - 38
Painless Folklore - - - - - 43
Old-Time New England Proverbs
New England Sayings
Stories From the Hills - - 44
More Epitaphs - - - - 45
Tongue Twisters - - - - 46
Modern Folklore
Do You Remember? - - - - - 47
Helpful Hints - - - - - 48

Sandy & Caroline Paton, American folksingers from Sharon Conn. will appear in coneerts Sunday, Nov. 17 at the McBurney YMCA, 25 23rd St. & 7th Ave. Afternoon and evening performances.

The 18th National Square Dance Convention will be held in Seattle, Wash. June 26, 27, 28, 1968

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

It takes no stretching of the imagination to realize that a Square Dance Canter is needed in every section of the United States. Call it a Square Dance Foundation; call it a Square Dance Museum; call it anything you like, it is needed.

One is needed here in the New England states. It does not need to be a million dollar enterprise. Just a reasonably large building to house books on all phases of square and contra and round dancing. It should have a large library of the books concerning the dances. Another room for listening to records, and I don't mean just the latest recordings. Perhaps another room for listening to tapes.

In the beginning I would not worry about dancing space. Perhaps it would be just as well not to consider that phase of the business at all.

And of course a kitchen large enough for a coffee urn and a place to prepare snacks. It would require a resident caretaker.

We may be nearer to such a place here in New England that any of you realize. Let's hope the day is not too far off when such a center will be a fait accompli.

Sincerely

Ralph

A SQUARE DANCE WEDDING

by

ED MOODY

The following story is true in irs most minute detail. It couldn't have happened to anybody except the two principals, and in the quaint little town lying on the shore of Muscongus Bay, State of Maine. Nothing but careful planning could have made the two-day program proceed as if on its own initiative with one event slipping into another with dove-tailed smoothness.

Early in June we received an invitation to attend a wedding and reception, plus other activities, with an R.S.V.P. attached. Thus, at 4:15 on a Saturday afternoon, we arrived at the designated church, to find it located up on a cliffy knoll, surrounded by a large burial ground. Motor cars had to be parked along the highway (for almost 3/8th miles in each direction), as our forefathers never envisioned today's necessity for allowing parking space. It is quite probable that the horse sheds, once a feature of every churchyard, had long since been torn down to make more room for graves. On entering the - shall we call it front hall of the Old German Church, of Waldoboro, Maine, a bronze plaque

told us that it was one of three oldest Houses of Worship in Maine, and had almost reached its 300th year.

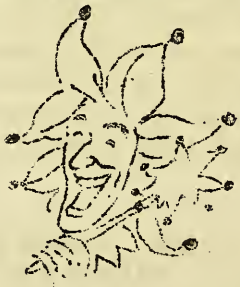
On a table in this hall-way, sat a guest register book, and all signed in as they entered the sanctuary. The body of the church nearly defies description in words. Built of hand-hewn timbers held together with wooden pins, it stands to a height inside, equal to a 2½ story building. A balcony runs three-quarters around the sides and rear at just about the height that a second floor normally would be. The chancel, or pulpit, is reached by climbing a flight of stairs to a height where the parson stood at just about the level of the balcony. He spoke directly to the folks in the balcony, and down to the folks in the body of the church.

All of the older folks waited outside the church until a bus load of merry children were organized and filed into the sanctuary and up the stairs to the balcony. As we entered we were agreeably surprised to find the entire inside of the building decorated with greenery, and embellished by hundreds of Black-eyed Susans, picked and arranged that morning by those aforementioned children.

In the body of the church there were 4-rows of about 10 pews each; a single row along each wall; two double rows, one each side of the center aisle. Each pew had its own hinged door and was built of hand-planed boards held together with square hand-wrought nails. It seated five people, two facing the pulpit, one sidewise, and two back to the pulpit. Made of plain boards with no cushions, with backs straight up at 90 degrees, they were exceedingly uncomfortable, but 300 years ago

one didn't go to church to be comfortable. Probably the father and mother sat facing the pulpit while youngsters sat along both sides and facing their parents where they could be watched. All the woodwork had attained that beautiful color that comes only with age. The only man-made paint visible here was on the numbers on the doors of the 80-odd pews.

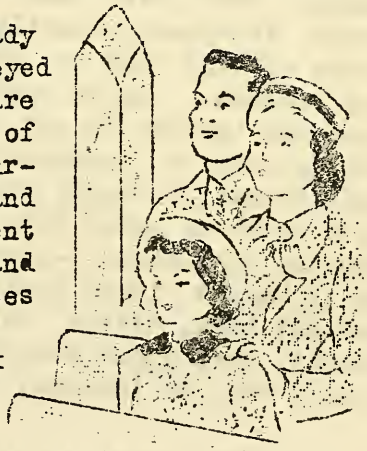
As we filed into the church, up in the balcony the youngsters were singing some well-rehearsed songs. Then a few talented musicians, ranged along the flight of stairs to the pulpit, played soft music. Within a few minutes they moved down to the rear of the sanctuary and stationed themselves by the rear door. Here they played a carefully selected, it would seem, group of traditional tunes, each one of which seemed to tell a story of its own. Starting with "The Girl I Left Behind Me", which could be interpreted to mean that the groom had winnowed the crop and picked only one of the finest grain, they moved on to "Petronella" which led listeners to imagine that future life would ever be in balance, regardless of the many turns it would make. Then to a "Sailor's Hornpipe", telling us that the journey over the sea of life would be a lively and joyous one, then on to a sprightly Irish jig, denoting a gay future. Now, THE time had arrived, and the musicians poised to play their grand entrance march.



But the best laid plans of mice and men oft times gang awry. No bride had appeared, due perhaps to a flat tire, a loose button, a stuck zipper, or something. Our musicians, not being true friends of George Bernard Shaw, just didn't have the music from "My Fair Lady" with the tune, "Get Me To the Church On Time", but they

hopped into the gap and for some 10-12 minutes played several old jigs and reels. Then, at a signal from the prospective bridegroom, they readied themselves for that grand march. Silently, the best man led the groom down the right aisle as the minister went down the left aisle to meet at floor level in front of the elevated pulpit. It is usual for the groom and clergy to appear through a door beside the pulpit out of the minister's study, to await the arrival of the bride, but as this church boasted only a blank wall behind the pulpit, a little variation was in order.

Then the parade formed, and the nearly 200 people all rose and gazed rearward, as the musicians struck up "Come Haste To the Wedding", and the maid-of-honor led down the aisle followed by the bride-to-be on her father's arm. The immediate families of the nuptial party had already been seated in the reserved front pews.



Then we all sat down, ready to hear the monotonous, hackneyed drone of "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here in the presence of etc. etc." We were joyfully surprised. Apparently the bride and groom and theclergyman had spent many, many minutes together, and created one of the finest theses of English we have ever heard. It included the advice, the exchange of vows, the exchange of rings, and the sealing of the two in Holy Matrimony. This was a delightful interlude which spared us from listening to the trite, familiar words, now known by heart by every grammar school kid who has ever watched television.They marched up the aisle to lively music. The tune, once again symbolic of the future, "On the Road To Boston",as that is where they will reside during the winter months. Flute, violin and accordion, they set up a receiving line in the only place available - the lawn of the grave yard outside the building. Now usually a receiving line

stands with its back to the wall and just beyond it are the refreshments. Movement is rapid, as all are interested in the food, but in this case they were backed up against several granite slabs and the wedding dinner was 1½ hours and 3 miles away. So the movement in the line was very slow as conversation was enlarged. Those waiting stood in the warm sun just waiting to pay their respects. The youngsters though, had found something they will never find when a reception is held in a church vestry; they could get in behind the line and shower them with rice and confetti from the rear, which they did continually, til the hair of all the line and many of the guests was loaded with colored bits of paper and kernels of nice raw rice. The sexton, or curator of the church must have been overjoyed for, though the rice would disappear shortly into the lawn, the pecks and pecks of tiny bits of confetti would present a different problem. So we paid our respects to the receiving line and hustled to our respective motels, hotels, camping grounds or car-trailers, to change into clothing less formal, to enjoy the wedding supper, which was to be a State of Maine Clam Bake, served professionally at another spot about 3-miles from the church. With plenty of rugged picnic benches and tables situated beside a rebuilt barn, with a polished hardwood floor, we were to eat, then dance away the balance of the evening, or that's what we thought.

If you have never been to a clam bake put on by folks who really know how, you haven't lived yet. A pan about 6 by 8 feet, and 10 to 12 inches deep is set on a bed of sea weed over a grate, under which is a nice hot charcoal fire. When the water gets to boiling, in go bushels of clams, net bags of corn-on-the-cob, more bags of hot-dogs and, in this case, 200 chicken lobsters, along with a few more handfulls of sea weed. It seemed everything was just what the doctor ordered. The corn was just ripe enough to be extra tasty, the lob-

sters at this particular season are soft-shelled and to be eaten with fingers, sans tools, and no one knows how the lowly hot-dog got into the act as a part of a New England Clam Bake, but it does gather up the flavor from the fumes of the smouldering seaweed, plus other juices in the water as the seaweed stews to taste different from any other one you have ever eaten.

Well - you just line up before the serving table and get a few quarts of hot steaming clams in a cardboard bowl, on top of which is placed the lobster, and the hot-dog and the corn, then proceed down the table to pick up with the other hand a paper plate containing a chip of butter for the corn, a paper of salt, a paper cup of melted butter for the clams and lobster, a half dozen paper napkins and a bib, plus one of those handy chemical hand-cleaners enclosed in a moisture-proof envelope. Get all of this to your chosen place at a table. Go back to get your coffee and a slice of watermelon.

Then you're in business, a la fingers. If you are smart you parked your table manners at the same time you parked your car. Seconds on everything, including those succulent chicken crustaceans, were available. And I forgot; you also got on the second plate a generous sealed bag of potato chips.

When all this had been stowed away, and the rubbish put in the convenient trash barrels, we adjourned into the barn, where a 7-piece volunteer orchestra - led by one of New Hampshire's most talented fiddlers, began tuning up. Let me tell you about this barn (so-called). Again with hand-hewn timbers as a framework, there it stands, now converted into a play-house for social gatherings. The stalls and stanchions have all

been removed and a splendid hard-wood floor laid. It is completely open except for one corner, where the old box stalls for the horses were located, and which is now enclosed and has a wooden ceiling or floor above it and on it. The 12x12 uprights still stand there, but big circle dances can be done around them, and squares behind them if the main center floor becomes too crowded. Both ends now are enclosed with screening and double screen doors.

The bridegroom formed a big circle and prompted an easy circle dance, then announced that the wedding waltz was next. He also announced that the legal part of the nuptial proceedings occured in the afternoon, but the moral proceedings of the three-part rites to complete the entire wedding would now occur; he would waltz with his wife. So the orchestra began playing "The Anniversary Waltz", and after several choruses, stopped, and the newly-weds took for partners, she the best man and he the maid-of-honor. Again, after several choruses, the four took the mothers and fathers of the happy couple. When a few rounds were complete, all again exchanged partners, drafting those in the audience until by plain accumulation, everybody present was on the floor waltzing.

After a Yugoslav kolo or two and some Swedish hambos, some of our Boston leaders prompted all those interested through a contra - naturally, "The Newlywed's Reel", followed by some big circle dancing under a little-used procedure but of great interest. The orchestra came to the middle of the floor; the bride and groom danced inside the circle prompting the dancers in the big circle where they danced several different old-

time patterns. This was truly unique. Then followed some more general polkas, etc. followed by a square or two.

Intermission was announced but nobody rested as the bride was boosted, still in her long, floor-length wedding gown, up atop the box stalls already referred to, to be followed by the groom. Balancing herself on one of the horizontal beams, clutching one of the uprights with one hand and her husband with the other until she regained her balance, then, over her back, she tossed the bridal bouquet. The groom then went explor-

ing as they still teetered on the shaky roof of the box stall. Almost as hip level he discovered the blue garter which he hurled into a sea of waiting hands below. Meantime, a large table had been set up at one end of the barn, and on it was a three-story wedding cake. The usual cutting of the first piece by joint effort of the bride and groom, with a shining beribboned knife was followed by all getting a piece of the cake. Now the bride disappeared, momentarily, to reappear clad in a knee-length dress, and entered in and helped to lead the dancing which followed, until midnight. This included several contras, some good old-time squares called by various guests.

Somewhere along here there came a delightful interlude of group singing, with all interested squatting on the bare floor, as one of the folks -- the best man in fact - proved to be a very famous balladeer, leading the group. Before we knew it the bride and groom slipped silently away, and the balladeer took over as leader

carrying on a pleasant and fast-moving program. This so-called unplanned program simply rolled along like well-oiled clockwork, as it had all day and would do so on the morrow.

However, there was quite a bit of whispering and sneaky smiling going on during the last hour at the barn, and one could observe that something not on the official agenda was being cooked up. And it was too. By devious means, and by ears wide open where they should not have been, a state secret was discovered: an old-time shivaree was getting under way. Now normally, this thing happened after the married couple had been married a few weeks. Under the circumstances however, it was a case of "now or never". Guided and counseled by a young man from Holyoke and the wife of a famous caller who lives in Keene, some ten cars full of people who were armed with every conceivable noisemaker, as well as some fireworks, drove a mile and a half, then quietly parked, and stealthily tiptoes the last hundred yards to form a semicircle beneath the window of the bridal chamber. At a given signal it sounded like all hell broke loose! Neighbors for miles around must have been awakened, as were the bride and groom, who greeted the assembled ruffians, clad only in tightly wrapped bed-sheets. They were enticed out of the house onto the lawn, while some dastardly buzzards snuck in the back door to remove the mattress from the old-fashioned spool bed, and carefully removed all the slats and hide

them. This hullabaloo broke loose around 1:30 a.m. and that part of the State of Maine hasn't heard the likes

for an generation or two. If you are ever stuck for a noise maker, simply take a tonic can or a beer can, and drop a few pebbles into it and shake well. Oh boy!!!

Next morning, Sunday, at 10 o'clock as per schedule, we arrived at the old family home (where the shivaree took place 10 short hours before). Like the church edifice, it boasted nearly 300 years and was in the process of being renovated by another member of the family. Built on the side of a hill, it had a central chimney and 3 big fireplaces - including a Dutch oven in the cold combination "settin" room (kitchen and livin' room) it also had a bedroom aforementioned, a parlor and summer kitchen on the ground floor, plus the old combined wood and carriage shed. Though the walls had been stripped of all the old wall paper and painted in nice bright colors, the floor was still to be attacked. Isolated on that hillside, about two-thirds miles from the road, it did boast a well some 100 yards from the house but the Old Oaken Bucket, through years of non-usage, had become the Old Broken Bucket. In the woods behind the house, there probably was the ancient Chic Sales building, now well concealed by years of growing bushes and foliage. We all drove around the house and parked behind it, then entered through the back door directly into the big combination kitchen to find one table laden with cookied and some of the finest fruit and nut bread we have ever tasted. By some miracle the parts of the spool bed had been found in their hiding place of the night before, and in the bedroom there it stood all neatly made up. Beyond that bed and the table in the kitchen there was not one single stick of furniture in the whole house. It had been stripped for the restoration, and only the barest essentials had been drafter into service. In the "settin' room', were piles and piles of undone weddin' presents.

The bride sat in the center of the room, surrounded by numerous youngsters, and began opening the gifts. As each ribbon was removed from a box, and each bow

taken off, some young lass proceeded to drape and decorate herself with it. This opening of the presents took about 2-hours, as the pile on one side of the room got smaller and the pile on the other increased with "ohs" and "ahs" at each unveiling. Forgot to say that there were pails and pails of those Black-Eyes Susans in every nook and cranny.

And now for one of the few hitches in this unplanned schedule: the coffee urn ran dry! There were plenty of pounds of coffee on hand; there was plenty of water in the 20-foot deep well, but NO BUCKET! Everything else had run, including the day before's program, completely on proposed schedule.

At 12:15, with all the presents opened; all the "ohs" and "ahs" and "thank yous" said, all went out in front of the house, where some magician had dugga small pit. Beside it lay a treelet, still with its roots wrapped in the nursery burlap. We gathered in a circle around it, and the bride and groom planted the Marriage Tree. We all offered a silent prayer, with hands joined in that big circle, for the future of those two nice people. After about 45 seconds of silent prayer, the minister, who was still there, offered the benediction. And so, amid "Good byes" and much hand waving, one car after another, started the journey homeward - some as far as 1000 miles.

Now, as was said in the first paragraph, such as event could only happen in one place and to only two

people. The proximity of the Old German Church; the pic nic area; the Festival Barn; the Old Family homestead; all within a radius of 2½ miles. The availibility of the many children who found and then installed the decrations in the church; the assistance of several friends, including the balladeer Art Schrader; the master fiddler, Joe Ryan; and the little imp who concocted the shivaree, and the several others who gladly did their part at the church; the clam bake, and at the following dance. All doing their bit to keep the program lively and most interesting. And what's more, only the two principals could have planned such a program, carefully laid out in advance; make it appear as though it just happened of its own accord.

Many of you readers know these people and by now have guessed who they are. For the others, they are Barbara (Bonnie) Randall and Richer Castner. A long and happy life to them both.

THANKS TO: Freda Gratzon, Square Dance Convention Program. To Jean Stewart, music of "Original London Lancers". To Charles Aaronson, Dance Program from England. Mo Marge Hunter, cookbook. To Glen Pertz, box of Brazilian cigars.

MARRIED: Roberta Campbell to Ralph Dean, September 20 in Fountain Valley, California.

LETS REWRITE THEM

by GEORGE KEMP

Shall we accept this fact? Dancing is the happy marriage of good music and graceful movement.

Accepting this fact, let us then, analyze music that is used for square dancing. 99.99% of it is written in divisions of 32 measures of music or 64 counts or steps for each separate cycle. Normally there are 8 measures of verse which is repeated, followed by 8 measures of chorus, likewise repeated. All good dance tunes are so constructed. Old-time fiddlers inherited this method from those who played before them and those in turn from those who played before them, back and back several scores of years. No one has found a better way to make dance music. However, in the past decade or so, there has been a tendency to cease to punctuate on the part of the musicians, the divisions between the four sentences of the paragraph. This leads to sloppy and ungraceful dancing.

Callers using records which lack proper punctuation, tend to slur their calls, and here and there clip a beat or two off the time necessary to properly perform some movement.

Whether the callers first started this eliding or whether the musicians did it first, is as much of a moot question as which came first, the hen or the egg, but the combination has led to some very ragged dancing.

The music is not good and the movement is not graceful.

Generation after generation after generation found this 32-measure division proper, and our excellent leading callers today still follow that arrangement, tailoring their figures to fit 32-measures or 64-steps. They have the ability to revise the most complicated so-called Western-style square dancing until it fits the 32 measure bracket. Folks really enjoy dancing to their calls, wondering why they finish with no feeling of frustration when the tip is over. They found that they seemed to float through that tip, but when it was called by others they found themselves exhausted at its end.

The big men in the business know that you can't divide 64 by 6 and not have a remainder, or fraction left over. They accept what our forefathers found to be correct, and allow 8-counts for an allemande left, a ½ ladies chain, or a ½ right and left. As a result they have a graceful dancing floor. Naturally, they select records that are played by the better type musicians who still punctuate their playing.

Unfortunately, we are being bombarded at the present time, with a myriad of records produced by newly hatched record companies who use mediocre musicians and mediocre callers. Both musicians and callers are working under the impression that anything bizarre and startling will sell, regardless of its quality. Folks are taken in by the exotic wording of the ads describing these records and send for them. Callers also purchase them in order to have something new to offer their clubs. They memorize the instruction sheet, not stopping to analyze the procedure or rewriting the pat-

tern to fit into 32-measures of music; omitting what doesn't fit in that number of steps properly. The result - we have some marriages that should end in divorce and do, when folks get fed up with the complexity of what is being offered them as "The Latest", and seek other methods of diversion.

If every caller will take the time to revamp a printed call so that it correctly fits the paragraphs of the music, even though the tune is recorded 10 to 15 beats per minute faster than his grandfather danced, his clientele will enjoy his calling because it enables them to dance gracefully, and in a relaxed fashion.

There is not a single movement in today's square dancing that cannot fit into 4, 8 or 16 steps. If called that way it is pleasant to perform. But when movements that should take 8-steps are clipped to 5 or 6, the challenge is too much. One movement follows another without any punctuation. Hooray for faster dancing, but let's do it to music and in step with it!

"Under existing circumstances the result is chaotic and bungling, and no wonder then that the mere mention of 'Squares' should be enough to alarm all lovers of genuine dancing. This is certainly not as it should be; for if people would only take the trouble to acquire a correct knowledge....they would discover that a great deal of hitherto unknown satisfaction may be got out of these old but neglected friends."

Lily Grove "Dancing" 1895

ORIGINAL?

by PAT PENDING

I thought that I knew about dancing,
But I find many wires are crossed
Attempting to date some old figure
Whose antecedents are lost.

When you think you have dated a figure
Right back to its very foundation,
Some other will find it back further
And fill you - to full - with frustration.

The more that you hunt for beginnings,
The more you will find you are muddled,
And what you don't know about dancing
Would keep an expert befuddled.

From the name of a popular contra,
I dated it 'bout eighteen twelve;
But research traced it to Scotland
Much later, to come off the shelf.

There's a dandy line dance that kids like,
Think it's Yankee, and actually lovely,
But it crossed the Atlantic a long time ago,
It's name was Roger de Coverly.

I figured I'd dreamed up a new one
With complete and relaxing moves,
But found to the very same pattern
Our old folks were shaking their hooves.

To find the birth of a figure's
Like chasing a leaf in a breeze,
'Cause writing is something that wasn't
When man came down from the trees.

A BUSHEL OF FUN

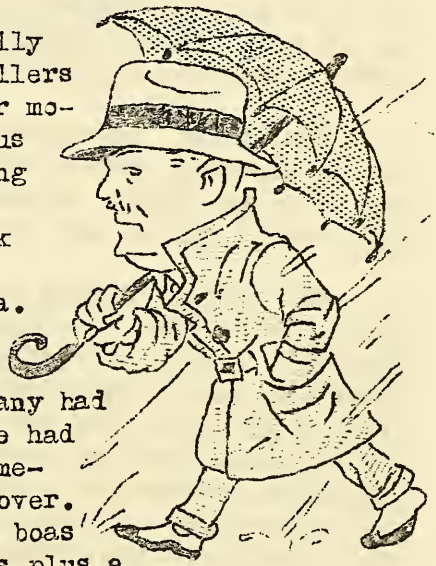
by EVELYN MOORE

Since reaching 'retirement age', whatever that is, we have done a lot of traveling all over this grand country of ours. We make it a plan to hunt for square dancing where fun is still the major target; where it is treated as a recreational outlet for normal adults instead of a course in calisthenics. Right now, this type of a party is not too easy to locate. You can find one, but you have to hunt.

There is now, and always has been a bright rainbow in the sky. Many clubs and groups, scattered all over the U.S.A. have refused to be hornswoggled into adopting the suicidal trend that has eliminated hordes of our dancers and killed scores of our dance clubs. The following is an example of one of the stalwarts that will continue to be in business and going strong long after clubs in adjacent localities who, right now are figuratively looking down their noses at this particular club, will have passed into their limbo.

We arrived at Appleton, Wisconsin, during the afternoon and signed in at a motel. We learned that the "Village Squares" at Combined Locks had a dance scheduled for that night. Now read carefully. This is what makes square dancing what it is when handled properly - and with an eye to its future survival.

About 5:30 we had a cloud burst, accompanied by by plenty of lightning and thunder. And when I say cloud burst, I mean just that. The skies literally unbuttoned themselves, and let loose in drenching buckets full of rain, while the lightning squirted in all directions, one bolt right on the heels of another.



Before the storm had fully ceased, one of Appleton's callers and his wife pulled up to our motel, picked us up and drove us out to Combined Locks. Getting there we found a pitch-black neighborhood and a pitch-dark hall, yet we could hear many friendly voices on the piazza. Lightning had put a transformer out of business. A phone call to the power company had assured them that the trouble had been located and would be remedied before the evening was over. Remember this too. This club boasted a membership of 8 squares plus a feww extras.

The rain stopped. Introductions were made in the dark, and a feeling of neighborliness and splendid fellowship seemed to fill the whole piazza and those who were chatting in the hall.

About 9:30 the lights flashed on, just an hour and a half after the regular scheduling of the dance. Not one car had driven away. This was the night set aside for the annual corn roast. Early in the afternoon the pits for the fire had been dug and readied. Investigation showed that they were full and overflowing with water. The burlap bags of corn freshly picked that day were hustled down into the basement dining room and kitchen to be boiled and ready at 11:30. This is the time at that club when dancing stops and eating starts. Nobody was discouraged.

Lyle Leatherman warmed up his P.A. and called 'Square 'em up!' and 6 sets hit the floor. The nucleous for one more set was down stairs getting the corn and fixings ready. They came up shortly after to make seven sets with the usual spare couple or two. Something must be right to have nearly full attendance with many coming 15 to 20 miles through a driving rain storm. And here is what was right.

The lights disclosed that the people belonging to the pleasant voices ranged in age from the upper sixties down to newly married ones and also that every face bore a smile. And kept it on all evening!

The caller, though he used a little of the modern style, had slowed down his tempo to a pleasing rate of danceable speed. He had translated the screwball names given to some of the nicer new basics into understandable English. In each set of tips he used one old singing call. At times he used what seemed to me to be good judgement and doubled up on a visiting couple movement. The program did not drag. He encouraged the group to sing along with him. Nobody had to rush. Nobody was puzzled. Nobody got nasty if somebody goofed. They kidded the goofers out of it. Everybody was enjoying himself, or herself. That's it.

Thanks to Lloyd Bungert and his very lovely wife, who went out of their way to take us to this dance, we are convinced that square dancing like this can't be killed. As one of the members said as we were going down stairs for the corn, "We always have a bushel of fun here, and have more in the closet if we need it."

Let's Wake Up

If our New England square and contra dancing is to live it is important that we continually feed into it new dancers to replace the normal dropouts caused by age or by moving away. The only formal classes in the Boston area to accomplish this, as far as we know, are those held at the Boston Center for Adult Education, 5 Common wealth Ave, Boston, sponsored by the Country Dance Society, and taught by Louise Winston. This is a 10-week course given each fall on Wednesday nights from 8:00 to 10:00 p.m. Iy began this year on Oct. 2, and will carefully train beginners in the figures, style, and fun of our New England dance heritage. This heritage is threat ened with extinction within this generation of dancers if a big build-up in interest and activity does not come soon. So we plead with all who read this to exert a special effort to get all their friends to take up our square dancing, either at thie Adult Center course or by dropping in at any of the square dances mentioned in the paragraphs below. Our dancing is too wonderful to lose through apathy!

If you live within easy driving distance of the Farming ton-New Sharon area of Maine, and like traditional New England type squares and contras you should contact Mr. Harold Kearney, New Sharon, Me. 04955, for the dates of his dances at the New Sharon Grange Hall.

The same kind of dancing plus easy folk dances may also be found at the Marlboro , N.H. Community House, Saturday night, Nov. 2, and Dec. 7, 1968. Caller Ralph Page.

Pretty much the same set up will be found at the every Friday night dance in the First Armenian Church, Concord Ave. Belmont, Mass. with Ted Sannella leading. And on the 1st & 3rd Saturdays of every month at the Unitarian Parish House, Eliot St. Jamaica Plain, Mass. with Louise Winston leading. As well as the weekly Thursday night "Drop In" evenings at 3 Joy St. Boston, with various leaders. And on the second Tuesday of each month, Charlie Webster calls square dances at the Unitarian Church in Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass. All of these nights mentioned are open dances, with the welcome mat out for all interested people.

Write to George Hodgson, State Road, Phillipston, Mass. 01331 for a list of his dances on Saturday nights, in Clark Memorial Center, Winchendon, Mass.

Write or phone Paul Moss, 2 Arletta Ave. Worcester,Mass 01602 for the dates of the remaining dances in the series sponsored by the Worcester Quadrille Club.

Richer Castner conducts square and contra dances somewhere in New England nearly every weekend. Contact him at 32 Fayette St. Cambridge, Mass. 02139 for dates and information.

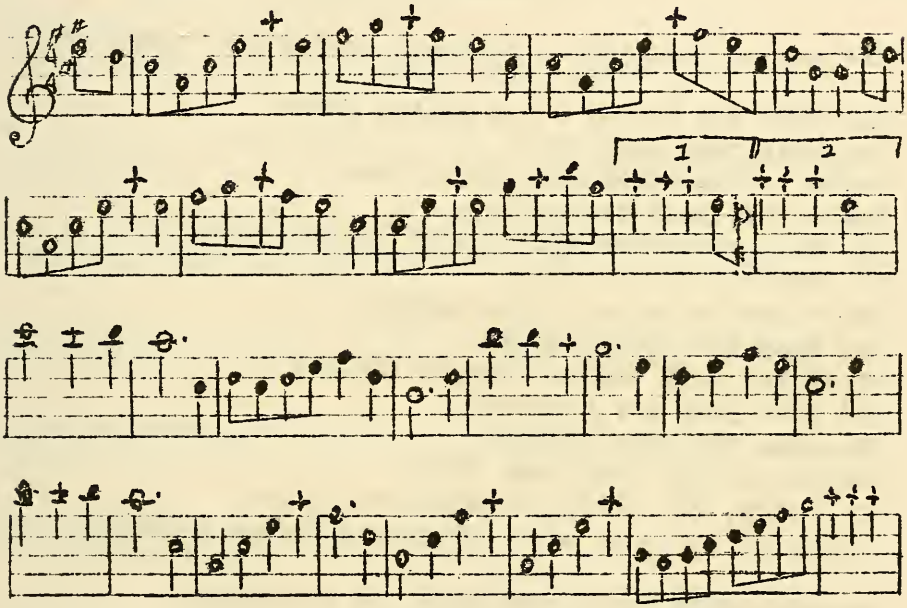
Irving "Corky" Calkins has a regular schedule of dances of this same type. Write or phone him at 48 Park St. S. Hadley, Mass. 01075 for further information.

Live music for these events? Well it is almost impossible to find an orchestra these days. Write to Ed Koenig, 12 Carver Rd. Wellesley Hills, Mass. 02181. Perhaps he could help you out in the matter of live music.

CONTRA DANCE

ASHLEY'S PRIDE

Suggested music - "Kitchen Reel"



couples 1, 4, 7 etc. active
Do NOT cross over

Active couples do a figure eight on opposite sides
Then a figure eight on their own original side
Active couples down the center with partner and back
Cast off, right and left four.

The figure eight is started by the active couple going between couples 2 & 3, first on opposite side; then on their own original side. It should take eight measures of music for each figure eight. The dance is in the Otsego Mss, circa 1808. The original of which may be seen at the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass.

SQUARE DANCE

NELLY BLY

A Singing Quadrille

Use any introduction, break and ending you wish.

The head two ladies chain to the right
You keep that lady fair,
Heads to the right and circle four
You circle left right there
The head men break and form a line
Go forward up a nd back,
The opposite ladies chain across
You keep the girl you get.
Right and left through across the set
And turn your girls around
The same two pass through
Then promenade the ring. Sing
Ho, Nelly, Hi, Nelly, Listen love to me;
I'll sing for you, play for you, a dulcem melody.

Repeat entire dance once more for the heads
Then use any break you wish and
Repeat twice more for the sides, then any ending
you wish.

An excellent recording is "TOP" #25172

THANKS: To John W. Mitchell for "The Wetherly Book of Scottish Country Dances". To, Mrs Jean Stewart for the piano music for a "PAUL JONES".

Write to E. O'Byrne DeWitt's Sons, 1576 Tremont St, Roxbury, Mass. 02120, for their latest catalog of Irish dance and song records.

FOR SALE

Musical Mixer Fun - $1,00
by Ray Olson

Swing Below - $1,50
by Ed Moody - A Book On The Contra Dance

Dancing Back The Clock - $1,50
directions for 94 Old-Time English Round Dances

Let's Create Old-Tyme Square Dancing - $2,50
by Ralph Sweet - A MUST book for serious callers

New Hampshire Camp Notebook - $1,00
200 dances - square, contra, folk - songs, recipes

Country Kitchen - $1,75
favorite recipes of Monadnock Region of N.H.

New Hampshire Camp Fare - $1,00
favorite recipes at N.H. Folk Dance Camps

COMPLETE YOUR FILE OF NORTHERN JUNKET!
we have many of the back issues @ .50¢ each

Order any of the above material from:

Ralph Page, 117 Washington St. Keene, N.H. 03431

If you like Southern mountain fiddle music you should write to Kanawha Records, 6222 Ranlia Drive, Jacksonville, Florida, 32210, and ask for their latest catalog.

//////////

LONG SQUARE DANCE WEEKEND

East Hill Farm, Troy, N.H.

Nov. 8-9-10-11 1968

Dance Squares, Contras, Lancers & Rounds With:

DICK DOYLE
GEORGE HODGSON
RALPH PAGE

Parker Whitcomb, Host

For further information contact - Ralph Page
117 Washington St.
Keene, N.H. 03431

or - Parker Whitcomb
East Hill Farm
Troy, N.H. 03465

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SAVE MONEY

Renew or extend your subscription to NORTHERN JUNKET.

Beginning January 1st, 1969 all subscriptions and renewals will cost $3,00 per 12 issues. Until that date we will accept any and all renewals or new subscriptions at the present rate of $2,50 per 12 issues. So, don't delay. Renew today!!!

All renewals and subscriptions to:

Ralph Page
117 Washington St.
Keene, N.H. 03431

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1968 YEAR END CAMP 1968

5 FULL DAYS

December 27th 1968 to January 1st 1969. Dance with:

ANDOR CZOMPO - - Hungarian Dances

RALPH PAGE - - Contras & Lancers

CHARLIE BALDWIN - Squares of the 50's

CONNY TAYLOR - - Balkan & General Folk Dances

GLENN BANNERMAN - Southern Running Sets

RICH CASTNER - Historian

PLACE - MONADNOCK REGIONAL HIGH SCHOOL 10 minute drive from the center of Keene, N.H.

COST - $50,00 per person for full session. This includes dinner, supper, classes, evening parties, snacks - and of course the unlimited supply of coffee all day. NO BREAKFASTS.

For more information write to:

ADA PAGE
117 Washington St.
Keene, N.H. 03431

and request a "Camp Announcement" describing in more detail what will go on during YEAR END CAMP 1968. It will also give you a list of motels and hotels located nearby. You make your own reservation.

A $10,00 deposit for each person registering for camp will be appreciated.

TH THISTLE

A Magazine For Scottish Dancers

Descriptions - Background - History

Times And Places for Dancing In Canada

Six Copies Per Year, $1,25

3531 Fraser St. Vancouver 10, B.C.

///// ///// ///// ///// ///// /////

The Canadian Folk Dance Record Service carries a full line of NEW SCOTTISH RECORDS. Write for their list

605 King St., West, Toronto 2B, Ontario, Canada

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WANTED

Copies of old recipe books, the privately printed ones gathered together by Ladies' Aid Groups, Rebeckahs, or Churches & Granges. AND old dance & festival programs, Convention Programs. Don't throw them away. Send them to me. I collect them as a part of a research project ALSO, any old-time music for violin or full orchestra - Dance Music Only, please. Send to:

Ralph Page, 117 Washington St. Keene, N.H. 03431

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Conny Taylor, 62 Fottler Ave. Lexington, Mass. announces a new FOLK DANCE RECORD SERVICE. For more complete information, call him at VO 2 - 7144.

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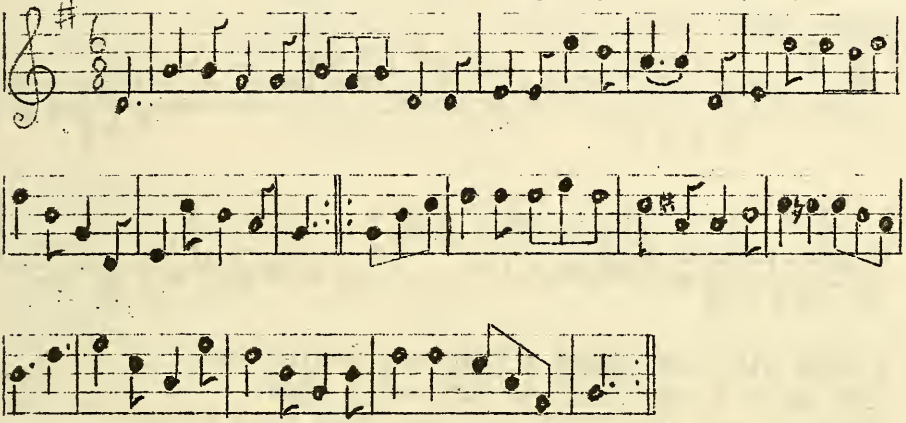
FOLK DANCE

JACOB HALL'S JIG English

Suitable music: "Ken Hiller's Jig" by K. Hillyer, London



Contra lines. Couples numbered 1,2; 1,2 down the line

First man turns second lady right hand around, partner left hand around, join hands, circle 3 once round to R.

Second man turn first lady left hand around, partner R hand around, join hands circle 3 once around to left.

First couple down the center, turn back into line of 4 with 2nd couple. Lead up in lines of 4. Fall back into a circle of four.

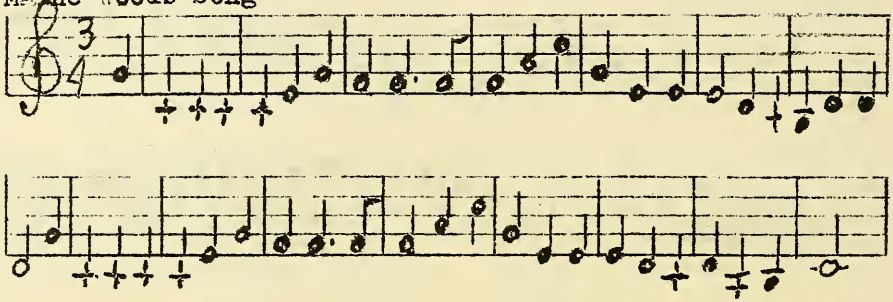
Circle 4 to left once around (This is done with second couple joining hands above the first couple - this is the progression). First couple lead up the center and separate to go round 2nd couple. Man around the man and lady round the lady.

Repeat dance with first couple moving down each time to dance with new couple 2.

FOLK SONG

LAKE CHEMO

Maine Woods Song



I left old Lake Chemo a long way behind me,
With many a tear back to Oldtown I came;
And if I but live till one year from this August,
I'll pack up my traps for old Chemo again.

Chorus: Ther Pickerel are plenty and perch in abun
dance;
The whickey and new milk, they both flow
like rain;
And if I live till one year from this August
I'll pack up my traps for old Chemo again.

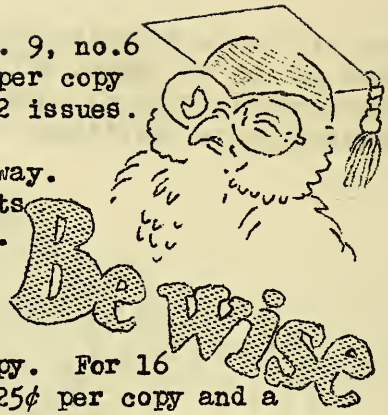
'Tis pleasant to think of the shed-tent we slept in,
Though the walls were thin cloth and the roof was a pole;
How familiar the chirp of the birds in the morning,
And the Doctor digging the beans from the hole.

I think of fish-chowder, red-hot from the kettle,
And pork that we frizzled so nice on the fire;
With big, roaring Crawford raising the Devil
Till three in the morning before he'd retire.

Now all you old fogies who want recreation,
Just go out to Chemo, if you want some fun;
There you'll find all our names engraved on a shingle
Outshining in brilliance the rays of the sun.

Only in New York can you find Jewish-Chinese and Chinese-Cuban restaurants. At Bernsteins at 135 Essex St. you'll be served "kosher" Chinese food by Waiters wearing "YAMULKAS" with red Chinese tassels. You can mix and match Kosher Chinese chicken eggrolls with stuffed derma and kasha, or a pastrami on rye with a side dish of fried rice. Open every day but Saturday. AND the Chinese-Cuban restaurant is a recent phenomenon on the New York eating scene. Cuba had one of the largest Chinese populations in the Western Hemisphere. Since the revolution, many Chinese restaurant owners have come here, bringing to New York wonderful combinations such as sweet and sour spare-ribs, tortilla with lobster, pork and fried bananas, flan, and wonton soup. The Pullman Restaurant is at 220 E. 14th St. and has a juke box with Spanish music. (From "ETHNIC NEWS", $2.50 per 12 issues, 160 E. 55th St. N.Y.C. 10022.

Anyone desiring a workshop session in Israeli dances would be well advised to contact Mr. Jack Geddes, 605 King Street West, Toronto 2B, Ontario, Canada, and secure information about such workshops conducted by Teme Kernerman of that city.



Beginning with this issue, vol. 9, no.6 Northern Junket will cost 30¢ per copy or $3,00 per subscription of 12 issues.

We're sorry it has to be this way. Paper that used to cost 95 cents a ream, now costs $2,50 a ream. Ink that used to cost 75¢ a pound, now costs $3,25 per pound. Postage used to be 04¢ per copy. It is now 08¢ per copy. For 16 years we've held the price to 25¢ per copy and a 12 issue subscription at $2,50. We can no longer do that. BUT - until January 1st, 1969, we will honor all renewals and new subscriptions at the old price of $2,50 per 12 issues. This is meant to include all extensions of your subscription at the price also. SOOOO, be wise. Renew at the old price, or extend your present subscription at the same rate. January 1st, 1969 the new rates will be: 12 issues for $3,00; 30¢ per single copy. ALL foreign subscriptions, including Canadian will be $3,50 per 12 issues.

Ralph Page, Editor
Northern Junket

If you live within easy driving distance of Keene, N.H. you should know about the visit there of the TAMBOURITZANS, Friday night, November 1, 1968. The event will be held in the Keene Junior High School Auditorium, 8 p.m. Washington St. Keene, N.H. Ticket information obtained from Mrs Richard Snowman, West Hill, Keene, N.H. 03431.

The Royal Scottish Country Dance Society New York Branch will conduct a Jeannie Carmichael Memorial Workshop in that city Nov. 9-10. The event will take place at International House on Riverside Drive near 123rd St. with Miss Jean C. Milligan, co-founder of the RDSDS as leader of the workshop. All lovers of Scottish dancing are urged to contact Mrs Sadie Lapiner, 39-23 49th St. Long Island City, N.Y. 11104 for further information.

MARS AND TERPSICHORE

From the files of the "CHESHIRE REPUBLICAN" a weekly pa per published for nearly one hundred years in Keene, N. H. comes this account of a military ball held in Keene many, many years ago. P.S. Don't be fooled by the name it was a Democratic newspaper!!!

3/4/87 - Canton Ashuelot, on Thursday evening, voted to give an Old Fellow's entertainment and ball to which reference was made last week. It will be given at the Armory in April, and will undoubtedly be one of the finest entertainments of the kind ever given in New England.

A lead article in the paper of the following week - - -

GAY ODD FELLOWS

The entertainment to be given by the members of Canton Ashuelot, at the City Hall in a few weeks, promises to surpass anything of the kind before seen in this state. Brown's Brigade Band will be there and no detail will be neglected that may make this the event of the season. The orders of dances will be something very unique and appropriate to the occasion. The date will be either March 30 or April 6.

By now the place of the event had been decided upon. By

the time the next edition of the paper hit the streets, a date had been agreed upon. In a lead article of March 25, 1887 we read:

DANCING PATRIARCHS: The military and civic ball to be given at the City Hall, on Wednesday evening next, by Canton Ashuelot, promises to be the great event of the season. The floor will be spread with canvas, and the stage and gallery will provide an abundance of seats for those who do not care to dance. Dressing rooms for the ladies and gentlemen who participate in the dancing will be provided. Tickets for seats on the stage and in the gallery are on sale at Tilden's; and dancing tickets are already in great demand. The music will be furnished by Brown's Brigade Band of Boston, Henry C. Brown, conductor and cornet soloist, and W.J. Watt, prompter.

Then, in the issue of April 1st, 1887 this long article gave a full description of the affair.

MARS AND TERPSICHORE

The City Hall has rarely presented a more attractive appearance than it did on Wednesday evening last, when, Ashuelot Canton, Patriarchs Militant, held its first civic and military ball; and a more brilliant scene as viewed from the balcony had not greeted the eyes for many a day. Around the hall were placed settees in a double row, and up on the stage 14 settees were arranged in tiers, affording, with seats in the balcony, excellent accommodations for spectators, of whome there

were about 500. The floor was covered smoothly with canvas, giving an admirable dancing surface.

At 8 o'clock there was scarcely an unpccupied seat; and when, a few minutes later, Brown's Brigade Band of Boston, eight pieces, under the personal direction of popular Harry Brown, began the "Fruehlingruss Overture", the scene was an animated one. Handsome ladies in charming toilettes on the floor were set out in contrast with the gorgeous uniforms of the chevaliers, while members of the Light Guard in uniform added to the varied coloring of the picture.

After the overture, Canton Ashuelot, under command of Lieutenant E.M. Keyes, marched in on the right side of the hall and came to "present", while Grand Canton Springfield marched in and took up a position opposite. The parade was then formed, with Captain H.H. Harris of Canton Ashuelot acting as Major; and soon after, Brigadier General Farrington and staff, passed down the line while the battalion was at "present". The parade was then dismissed; and for an hour the audience listened to the admirably tendered concert programme. The concert has not been surpassed by any heard in the city during the present season; and the excellent judgement of the committee in securing Brown's orchestra was highly commended on all sides.

At the conclusion of the concert, the Brigade staff and other invited guests, with General Farrington, took seats upon the stage, and Grand Canton Springfield quickly fell in for an exhibition drill, with 24 men in the ranks. The Canton took a quick-step, about 127 to the minute, and executed a variety of movements according to the regular Upton tactics, except that the column was formed in threes, from which "sections" of six were formed. The familiar evolutions of on the right

and left into line, right and left wheel, to the rear, right and left oblique, change step, threes right and left about, etc. were executed in single and double rank, by sections, by platoons and by canton, and were combined with excellent taste. With these were mingled a number of fancy evolutions peculiar to the order, including the formation of the square, the triangle and the Greek cross, while marching, the the display Greek cross. A short drill in the sabre manual was also given. The steadiness, precision and smoothness of the drill not only drew forth the most enthusiastic plaudits of the spectators, but were objects of unfeigned admiration to the military gentlemen present. There was scarcely a blemish in the entire drill, and nothing of the kind that would be detected by other than the most critically trained military eye. Few companies of the militia are to be compared with this organization, which displayed as great nicety and care in the details of individual appearances, as in the general effect. Its manual was executed with the precision of clock-work; and in the opinion of some qualified to judge, this drill has never been equalled by anybody in this part of New Hampshire, if in the state at all.

After the drill the Canton was brought to "present" facing General Farrington, who was introduced to the audience by Captain Harris, and who, in a neatly worded and felicitous speech, expressed his thanks for the liberal hospitality and generous courtesy of Canton Ashuelot, and praised enthusuastically the proficiency shown in the drill by Grand Canton Springfield. The Canton was then dismissed, and the orchestra entered upon the order of 19 dances.

It was about half past 10 when the chevaliers with

their ladies to the number of about 150 began the grand march; and the effect of the showy uniforms, with the costumes of the ladies, was brilliant in the extreme. From 75 to 100 couples danced the swiftly fleeting hours away until midnight, when supper was served at the Cheshire House, an admirable menu being provided, afterward, dancing was resumed and kept up until 3 o'clock, the members of Grand Canton Springfield returning home by special train at 4 o'clock.

It must have been an evening to remember.

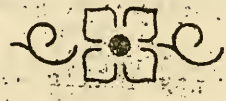
NEWS

Stan and Cathie Burdick of Sandusky, Ohio have acquired all publishing rights to the national magazine, SQUARE DANCE, formerly AMERICAN SQUARES, and will publish their first issue by the first of October, 1968.

The Burdicks will be co-editors, and plan a number of new features for the magazine. Their publishing address will be: P.O. Box 788, Sandusky, Ohio 44870. Both have been associate editors of the magazine. They formerly originated and edited "Square Notes", a southwest Ohio publication. Stan is a caller, square dance cartoonist, and former YMCA director. He is now a partner in an advertising firm.

Volume one number two of records made at the 1967 Beers Family Fox Hollow Festival are now available at $4.00 apiece, $7.00 the pair from Fox Hollow Records, RD # 1, Petersburg, N.Y. 12138.

The 18th National Square Dance Convention will be held in Seattle, Wash. June 26, 27 & 28, 1969.



ZIPS ZONES & PHONES

by PAT PENDING

by PAT PENDING

Our address book's gone daffy,
Plain loused up by fanatics
Who've gone berserk on numbers;
It's full of Mathematics.

Each name and address messed up,
If you get what I mean;
Today there's flocks of figures
Just penned there in between.

Writ in are dates of birthdays
Plus how to Zip-code mailings;
Phone numbers and many others,
Which cause us plenty failings.

There's three lines for each person
Name, Street and also Town
Now fouled up with the digits
Which we have jotted down.

There's codes for this and codes for that,
In queer and odd sequences,
That do profiundly foul us up;
Frustration here commences.

Last week we wrote a letter,
Printed large and big the 'Zipper',
But the number we put on it
Was code for the "Big Dipper".

Then we dialed the telephone,
Eleven drawn out numbers;
But 'Area' we did dial wrong,
So woke a guy from slumbers.

Then a female voice cut right in,
Announced she was recorded,
To dish out some more figures
To add to those we hoarded.

Next we tangled up again,
For us the post man carried
A welcome card on babys
To a gal who wasn't married.

We sent an anniversary card
To a new bride and her spouse;
But the forty years we blessed them for
Were the numbers on their house.

The digits still come piling in,
They've put us in a Tizzy;
We've tucked in numbers by the score,
Yes - Ma'n I've been busy;
But finding what they signify
When cold - It's drove us Dizzy.

BOOK REVIEWS

AN INTRODUCTION TO FOLKLORE, Marian Roalfe Cox. xv # 348 pages; $15. London, David Nutt, 1904. Index. Bibliography. Reprinted by SINGING TREE PRESS, Detroit, Michigan 1968.

A basic text in the literature of the myth, this volume is devoted to an examination of folklore from an anthropological point of view. Within this frame of reference are discussed the significance of The Separable Soul; Animal Ancestors; Animism - Ghosts and Gods; The Otherworld; Magic; and Folk Tales, etc. This is a book for the serious scholar of folklore. In fact it is a must book for such people. It tends to skip around a great deal. By that I mean, you never stay in any one area of the world for more than a paragraph or two. You travel from one country to another, from one civilization to another, on one printed page. To the neophyte this is confusing. The book was not written for neophytes however, nor was it intended to be anything other than it is: a textbook on General Folklore. As such it is fascinating reading. You will find it difficult to lay the book down once you have started to read it. At the end of the book is an annotated bibliography of the 281 best books in English (to the beginning of the 20th century) on various folklores, including the Scandinavian, Celtic, Sanskrit, Greek, Roman, Teutonic, Neo-Latin, Maori, Eskimo, Slavonic, Negro-American, African and South American.

The SINGING TREE PRESS is doing a magnificent job in the reprinting of the classics of the folk world. All that I have seen are hard-cover books. You will be proud to have them in your library.

GAMES AND PARTIES THE YEAR ROUND. Nellie M. Lewis. 189 pages. Airmont Books, New York. 1962. Paperback, .50¢

The recreation leader and play ground director will find this a gold mine of ideas. It appears to be written by a lady who knows what she is writing about. In other words it is not filled with high-falutin' ideas and suggestions. It is written in easy to read, understandable direstions. I highly recommend it.

Folk Dance Center of Philadelphia is now located at the Mid City YWCA, 2027 Chestnut St. Philadelphia, Pa. 19102 Write to them at that address and request your name be placed on their mailing list. They hold monthly workshops under the leadership of outstanding leaders.

Write to Folklore Productions, 176 Federal St., Boston, Mass. 02110 requesting their folder of interesting folk events in the Boston area this coming winter season.

Be sure that you attend the concert of the Tamburitzans at John Hancock Hall, Boston, Mass. Saturday night, Nov. 2, 1968. More information by writing The Taylors, 62 Fottler Ave. Lexington, Mass. 02173. The next day, Sunday, Nov. 3, a two-part workshop in Bulgarian dances under the leadership of Yves Moreau will be held at the Browne & Nichols Gym. Cambridge. Further information by writing the Taylors.

November 23 & 24 are the dates for a two-day workshop in Macedonian dances with Atanas Kolarovsky. Held in the Browne & Nichols School Gym, the people to contact for more information are the Taylors.

ITS FUN TO HUNT

From the files of the "COLD RIVER JOURNAL", a weekly newspaper published in Alstead, N.H. the following items

10/30/85 East Alstead - C.A. Milliken invited about fifty of his neighbors to help him husk out his corn, on Tuesday evening. After husking about one hundred bushels the party were treated to a bountiful supper, after which the young people enjoyed a social dance.

11/27/85 Local Notes - At the regular communication of St. Paul's Lodge, No. 30, last Thursday evening, the subject of a masonic ball this winter was discussed, and appeared to be favorably entertained by those present.

Mr. Dinsmore has made most ample preparations for his Thanksgiving, or grand opening ball. All who come may rest assured of the usual good time enjoyed at the Humphry House, when Maynard & Wheeler furnish the harmony to whose cadence we step.

12/11/85 Local Notes - Mr. Dinsmore advertises the first of a series of social dances for the 17th. The music will be Maynard and Wheeler's orchestra and the hours of dancing will be from eight till two. Dancing, seventy-five cents, oyster supper at twenty-five cents per plate. It is especially intended to induce the old folks, who have not danced much of late, to shake the rheumatism from their joints, and step out a few of the old-fashion-

ed dances, and have another good old-fashioned time.

Last Friday afternoon a young colored man, Wm. H. Butler came into town and announced a free concert (with a collection), to be given in School House hall. Toward evening he promenaded the streets, playing splendidly on a German accordion. His gentlemanly bearing, intelligent looks, respectful speech and active business-like manner bespoke as truly a gentleman as though his skin was white. The attendance at his concert was rather small, but they appreciated his excellent, almost wonderful skill as an accordion player. He played some very choice and difficult music, often waltzing or clogging at the same time, performing feats of contortion and sometimes singing in accompaniment. His imitation of a double bass cello, by laying his finger on the table and using a broken broom handle as a bow, was excellent, and through the whole evening performed with genuine wit. After the concert, Mr. A.T. Dinsmore opened and lighted his hall, and a small company spent two or three hours in dancing to the music of the accordion, finding it a very fair "orchestra". Mr. Dinsmore's generosity to the musician in opening his hall deserves acknowledgement.

12/25/85 Local Notes - A.T. Dinsmore's first social dance was a very pleasant affair, except the attendance was small, owing to the Masonic ball to occur so soon. The music, as Maynard & Wheeler always give, was excellent. The oyster supper garnished with fruit and nuts, was ample for the low price of twenty-five cents. We hope the next will "pan out" better. Mr. Dinsmore was in Boston last week Friday and Saturday, to make prepara-

tions for the Masonic ball Tuesday evening.

1/8/86 Marlow - The annual New Year's ball, at the Forest house on Thursday evening, Dec. 31, was well attended by a fashionable party. There were thirty-six couples, notwithstanding it was a very rainy night. Just the Col's luck, as he seldom fails in bringing a storm when he has a dance, and yet he seldom fails of having a good party, for they know that when they go to one of his dances they will have a good time. The music will be good, the supper unexcelled; the landlord polite and amiable. If the might had been pleasant a very large party would have been present. Another one will be given on Friday evening, Jan. 15th.

1/15/86 Alstead - Mrs. Howard, of Walpole, is talking of starting a dancing school in town this winter, if a sufficient number of pupils can be obtained. The first of a series of assemblies will occur this (Thursday) evening. Get there early, for the fiddler will cease to play at two o'clock.

1/15/86 East Unity - Saturday night dances are being thought of in the town hall. All those who would like a share had better get their slippers ready.

2/12/86 West Gilsum - We understand that F.L. Roundy has had a very fine offer to join the Antrim orchestra, as prompter, but owing to the distance and his present engagement with Pratt's orchestra, he has declined the offer.

10/15/86 Alstead - We understand that Col. Petts, the genial landlord at the Forest House, Marlow, is to have a ball Thanksgiving evening. The young people of this town earnestly hope that he will, for they want to go somewhere, and the Col. has a way of using the boys a bout right. No doubt that a goodly number from this place would go, as dances (for some reason) have been rather scarce in this town lately.

10/22/86 Local Notes - A large party of ladies and gentlemen met last Tuesday evening at the residence of M.F. Bragg. The gentlemen husked out Mr B's corn while the ladies prepared supper, of which over eighty partook. After supper dancing was in order. A similar occurance took place on Thursday of last week at J.L. Chandler's.

12/3/86 Marlow - Notwithstanding the severe storm and bad travelling, the Thanksgiving Ball at the Forest House was a complete success. If the night had been pleasant and the travelling good, there would have been a crowd, but with all these hindrances there were fifty couples present, parties coming from South Antrim, Keene, Bellows Falls and Claremont, besides from adjoining towns, and it was the unanimous opinion that the party was a fair one. The supper was one of the Col's best, the music by Dickinson's orchestra A no. 1.

12/3/86 Local Notes - Last Thursday afternoon about twenty young people from this place braved the storm and started for Marlow, where they were cordially received and made welcome by mine host, Petts, who did everything in his power to make the evening's entertainment an enjoyable one to all. Much credit is also due to Mrs Petts, who superintended the supper arrangements. The tables were loaded with good things of which all did ample justice. Although the weather was stormy and the travelling

bad, fifty couples were in attendance, which proves that the Col's dances are very popular, and had the weather been favorable, probably twice that number would have been present.

1/14/87 East Unity - There was a surprise party at Andrew Walker's on the seventh. Notwithstanding the severe cold night there was a good crowd out. Various amusements were indulged in, among the most prominent was dancing. At twelve o'clock a repast was served, which was done ample justice. Then dancing was again called in order, which lasted into the wee small hours of the night. D. Sorcans and wife furnished music, and did it well.

1/21/87 East Unity - "Plenty of snow here now". "Yes, you won't be obliged to be sparing of it for your creamers now". "What a terrible snow and blow that was on the 14th. The dance the Newport orchestra was going to have in the Town Hall did not occur." "But they are going to have one ain't they?" "Yes, it was adjourned until Friday evening the 28th." "Are they going to bring their full band?" "Yes, and their bills are only forty cents for dancing."

2/18/87 West Gilsum - The party at Mr Henry Carter's on Wednesday evening was a very enjoyable occasion; games and dancing was the order of the evening after which refreshments were served, and the company listened to some songs accompanied by guitar music by Mr Henry Pond of Keene.

PAINLESS FOLKLORE

OLD-TIME NEW ENGLAND PROVERBS

An old maid don't know nuthin' but what she imagines.
Might as well be hanged for an old sheep as for a lamb.
Suppers kill more than the greatest doctors can cure.
You have to summer and winter together in Vermont before you really know each other.
The worst of law is that one suit breeds twenty.
Better be ready and not go than go and not be ready.
It's a good thing for a liar to have a good memory.
Every man thinks his own geese swans.
A slip of the tongue, no fault of the mind.

NEW ENGLAND SAYINGS

She's as busy as a frog in a butter churn.
Save your breath to cool your porridge.
He stands out like a blackberry in a pan of milk.
She's as dainty as a cow with snowshoes on.
She's so homely she'd scare the hoss 'n chace the driver.
He's so narrow minded he can look through a keyhole with both eyes at once.
He was so crooked they had to use a corkscrew to bury him.
He's as independent as a hog on ice with its tail froze in.

STORIES FROM THE HILLS

Some men in a certain feed store in Vermont were having a lively discussion about politics and the world situation, when they got on the subject of the "Population Explosion". They were discussing the predictions of what would occur if something drastic weren't done pretty soon about the problem. One fellow reported that he'd read that in so many years there would be "standing room only" here on earth. An Older Vermonter who had offered little or nothing to the conversation until then, removed his hat, scratched his head, and observed, "Well,that oughta slow 'em down a mite."

One sunny spring day, Plum Wilson drove down from his hill farm to Bradford village store, where he found that dour Scot Rob Fulton counting his small change.
"Howdy Rob. Say, tell me again what was the medicine you got when your hoss had the heaves?"
"Galuga oil," Rob grunted without looking up. "Barnie Crafts carries it."
"H'mm, galuga oil," muttered Plum, heading for the hard ware store.
It was a couple of weeks before Plum came down to town again, and then he stopped at Rob's place up on Goshen Road, where Rob was sunning himself on the doorstep.
"Say Rob, what kind of oil did you say you used for the heaves?"
"Galuga oil."
"Yeah, thought that's what you said."
Plum spat tobacco juice angrily and turned a mean eye on Rob. "It killed my hoss."
Rob looked up from his old rocker, never blinking an eye lid. "Killed mine too." he replied.

MORE EPITAPHS

From Burlington, Vt:

She lived with
Her Husband
Fifty years
And died in the
Confident hope
of a better life.

From Belle Isle:

Here lies
Hermina Kuntz
To virtue quite unknown
Jesus, Rejoice!
At last
She sleeps alone.

From Flemington:

Here lies the bones
of Joseph Jones
. . . . .
When from the tomb
To meet his doom
He rises amidst sinners:
Take him to dwell
In Heaven or Hell
Whichever serves
Big dinners.

From Winslow, Me.:

Here lies one Wood
Enclosed in wood
One Wood
Within another.
The outer wood
Is very good:
We cannot praise
The other.

From Dunbarton, N.H.

Death is a debt to nature due:
As I have paid it, so must you
"To follow you I am not content
Until I know which way you went."

TONGUE TWISTERS

Windingly wound round the wrong round wood winder wool wouldn't rewind rightly round the right round wool winder.
Chris threw blue beans in beaten butter batter.
Five funny farmers feasted on 40 frazzled flounders.
David Doldrum dreamed he drove a gray dragon dangerously. But Dave disclaims rallying rabid dragon devotees to detrimental driving.
Should Silly Sally Show someone her shining silver shilling?
Steve and Stanley's sisters scissors snipped six strips of sparkling satin.

MODERN FOLKLORE

The man whose ship comes in usually finds relatives on the dock.
Let opportunity do all the knocking.
A hammer sometimes misses its mark - a bouquet never.
Speed gets you nowhere if you are headed in the wrong direction.
All fires are the same size at the start.
Ability will enable a man to get to the top - but character is the only thing that keeps him from falling off.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

When the women wore black taffeta silk petticoats and the more rustle the better?
When you didn't have to run the town over with a fine toothed comb to find somebody who knew how to harness a horse?
When seated in the bald-headed row a fat girl in pink tights singled you out and sang, "Hold Me, You Gotta Hold Me," and you felt like three cent's worth of dog meat?

or

When the weather got so hot you were forced to get a haircut and it left a white streak about two inches wide on the back of your neck?
When at one baking housewives would make enough assorted pies to last the family a week?
When for the sake of your health, when you got a good soaking in a thunder shower, you must let the clothes dry on you?

or

When you didn't dare to take a bath too often for fear that your health might go into a decline?
When the barber would give you a once-over without conversation and no bay rum for 10 cents?
When you thought that if you wore a strip of black silk around your neck you wouldn't have the croup?
When as soon as the bark would slip you made some willow whistles?

or

When grandmother's skirt had a deep pocket from which she could be depended upon to extract some peppermints?
When a lot of the girls' spare time was occupied in making biscuit sofa cushions?
When they used to give folks reasonable notice of when clean-up week was to be?
When teamsters made a fuss if approaching bicyclists didn't ring their bell?

Do you remember? It really wasn't so long ago!

HELPFUL HINTS

Dice dill pickles into your next salad for a better taste.
When cooking sausages, put a slice of bacon into the pan for better flavor.
Add thin slices of pimiento to chicken soup for a nice touch.

Combine mushroom soup, mayonnaise and sherry; heat to a boiling point; then spoon over leg of lamb.
For a delicious companion dish to roast pork, add raisins and a little grated orange peel to cooked beets before grating.
Chop up broccoli, cook until well done and mix with spaghetti, oil and grated cheese.

It's easy to get English muffins out of your toaster if you firts stick a toothpick part into the top of each half, and use as a handle.
For a new and unusual hot canape, try bacon wrapped around bread sticks and broiled.
For a different taste and more nutrition, use quick-cooking rolled oats instead of bread crumbs for your favorite meat loaf recipe.

For delicious pancakes, beat together two ripe banahas and two eggs, drop in a greased griddle and cook until golden, then serve with honey and butter.
After extracting the juice from oranges, put the rinds in the freezer and they'll grate easier.

To spark Brussels sprouts, add a tablespoon of lemon juice to the water when cooking.
Add slivers of lemon peel to your brown-sugar glaze when serving carrots.
For a tangy appetizer, try cucumber slices topped with sour cream and red caviar.

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